

Dressing Down by Luddleston

Category: Hades (Video Game 2018)

Genre: Achilles has great tits and Zag would like to hold them for him, Breast Fucking, Established Achilles/Patroclus, First Time, Fluff and Smut, Hand Jobs, M/M, Masturbation, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, implied pza

Language: English

Characters: Achilles (Hades Video Game), Patroclus (Hades Video Game), Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

Relationships: Achilles/Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-04-08

Updated: 2021-04-08

Packaged: 2022-12-19 10:55:01

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,057

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Achilles has adopted a more casual style of dress when he spends time with Patroclus in Elysium.

It's also much more revealing.

Dressing Down

Author's Note:

- For [phantomdoodler](#).

Thank you Doodler for sponsoring such a wonderful fic endeavor!

I definitely used the word 'tit' more in this fic than I have in anything else I've ever written, and I'm happy about that.

Zagreus was focused while he was at work. Impossible to distract, intent on making it to the end, no time to stand around chatting, especially when he knew Hermes timed every run and would pester him if he was particularly slow. His attention certainly wasn't drawn in by every fish and passing friendly shade he saw. Absolutely not.

He wasn't even thrown off his game when he came across Achilles and Patroclus looking just as distractingly beautiful as ever, not even when Achilles was dressed much more casually than his usual armor and his chiton bared a lot more skin than usual, and—

"Careful there, stranger."

Patroclus had to call out to him, because Zagreus had nearly fallen off the bridge and directly into the Lethe.

Because, well.

Maybe that thing about being impossible to distract had some exceptions.

Today's exception was Achilles, looking absolutely stunning in Ixion's pale light, currently focused on tying his hair back away from his face. There was a lot of Achilles' body Zagreus rarely saw, because his mentor preferred to dress in the formal style of floor-length robes and a heavy cloak. He was attention-grabbing enough while fully clothed, but now...

"Good to see you, lad," he said, and Zagreus knew he should have said something in response, but he just couldn't stop *staring*.

Of course it was sensible for Achilles to dress less formally when he was on a break from work and simply spending time with Pat, but Zagreus, somehow, was utterly gobsmacked by it anyway. Achilles looked younger dressed like this, less somber. His chiton was tied loosely, as if he'd just thrown it on lazily, and with his hand still working to try to push back the shorter strands of hair that framed his face, Zagreus could see all the muscle that lined his ribcage, a body built with the perfect image of a hero in mind.

Achilles dropped his hand, apparently having decided it was useless to try to keep his hair out of his face, and gave Zag a curious look, folding his arms, which of course made the curve of his pectorals stand out in an *especially* enticing way. He and Pat must have been sparring; Patroclus had both their spears in hand and was almost as simply dressed, although he still wore his cloak. A bead of perspiration rolled down the center of Achilles' chest, disappearing between the fold of his chiton and the curve of his breast.

Zag was struck with a sudden desire to lick it off, and then a sudden desire to cannonball right into the Styx, just in case Achilles had happened to pick up mind-reading abilities and had noticed Zagreus' ridiculous train of thought.

"Are you well, lad?" Achilles asked him. Patroclus turned away, his hand in his palm, and Zag swore he was laughing.

"Great. Good. Perfectly fine. May have been knocked on the head too hard by a greatshield, but concussions are standard in my line of work." He did not mention how intensely he was working to keep himself from getting hard just *looking at Achilles' chest*. "You know, I should go. I've got a mouthy king to shut up."

"Want your Kiss, first?" Patroclus asked him, and it took Zagreus far too long to realize Pat was asking him about his choice of goods.

“Yes, please,” he said, hoping it would fix the head injury, which must have been causing him to act so ridiculously. Of course. Obviously. No other reason.

And then, definitely because of the head injury, he ran smack into the door on the way out before remembering he needed to open it.

— — —

Zagreus popped out of the Styx a few runs later to find a small congregation of shades chatting near the pool, sounding more excited than the shades around the house usually did, which naturally meant Zagreus had to eavesdrop.

He probably would’ve been eavesdropping anyway, to be honest.

As he towed himself off more meticulously than usual, he caught just the smallest snatch of conversation. “...Looks more like he did back in the war! It’s kind of terrifying. But I can’t stop looking.”

The shade’s cause of death, which Zagreus had learned to read like a strange little tag hanging over their heads, was, amusingly enough, ‘Achilles.’

As he dropped the towel he’d used into the appropriate basket and rounded the corner, waving at Hypnos on the way, he realized that the shades had indeed been talking about Achilles.

He also realized that Achilles was not dressed in his usual uniform, although he was standing guard, in perfect form with his hand around his spear and his free arm—which could no longer be tucked inside his cloak because said cloak had gone missing somewhere—folded behind his back.

He was dressed in the same casual clothing he’d been wearing when Zag had met him with Patroclus a while back, and it was just as revealing as it had been then. Gods, Zagreus wanted to touch...

The sight of him arrested Zag's better senses, and he went careening into the nearest pedestal, sending the latest sculpture he'd had the house contractor install crashing to the tiled floor loud enough to halt the bustle of the court and jolt Hypnos awake with a startled yelp. The sculpture was metal and was unharmed by the fall, but the floor tile it'd landed on split into a half-dozen pieces.

"Dammit."

"ZAGREUS."

Well, at least it wasn't 'BOY.'

"Everything's fine, father!" he called, scrambling to right his disaster—not worried about what his father would think, but Dusa would fret.

Achilles was at his side at once, which meant that when he bent down, Zagreus got a full-on view of his chest: smooth bronze skin over muscle with just enough give. Zag bet if he squeezed Achilles' pectorals together, it would achieve the same appearance as a woman in a tight-fitting dress, a line of cleavage down the center and everything.

He was still wondering why that was attractive when they righted the statue, and Achilles suggested he ought to ask the house contractor about fixing the crack in the stonework.

"It shouldn't be too big an issue, lad," Achilles said, apparently taking Zag's refusal to look anywhere but the cracked tile as immense worry about the repairs needed. Of course, he was mostly trying not to stare elsewhere.

"Yes, right. Sorry," he said, although he couldn't explain that the apology was for the absolutely lascivious thoughts he was having about his dear mentor.

"No need to apologize, mistakes happen." Achilles set a hand on Zag's shoulder, the contact warmer than usual. Zag realized Achilles didn't have his bracer on, and it made the touch feel more intimate in ways he could not explain. In ways that made his stomach warm and his throat tight. "Why, I

myself neglected to check the time and arrived here for my shift so late I didn't have a moment to change back into my uniform."

"I noticed that," Zagreus said, wishing he'd bitten his tongue instead. He cleared his throat. "Anyway, sir, I'm pretty sure it's only 7:48."

Achilles glanced at the timepiece a few pedestals down, and Zagreus was caught up in the way the shift of the light accentuated Achilles' collarbones. "Ah. So it is."

— — —

After that point, Achilles dressed in his customary uniform, so there was little issue with Zagreus toppling over valuable pieces of art because he was distracted by a man's chest.

Zagreus found himself slightly disappointed by this, which meant he was equal parts pleased and embarrassed about being pleased to find that Achilles continued to change into casual clothing when he spent time with Patroclus. Pat did the same, although he usually wore his cloak (or, on some occasions, Achilles' cloak) and Zagreus could not think of a way to convince him to take it off without betraying his thirst.

He got used to the sight, even if the baser part of him still greatly enjoyed looking, and beside that, the best part of it all was seeing the two of them together. Although Zagreus sometimes missed being their go-between (especially when their messages to one another were sealed with a kiss), they looked so incredibly happy with one another that Zagreus could hardly imagine himself getting between them.

And thankfully, there were plenty of other things he could distract himself with. Like fishing. Hard to stare at Achilles' tits while he was focusing on what was biting.

Of course, this just had to be the day-or-night on which Achilles took up an interest in Zag's preferred hobby. Zagreus nearly jumped through the ceiling and straight onto the surface when Achilles appeared at his side and

casually asked, “anything biting?” so close to Zag’s ear he could feel Achilles’ breath on his cheek.

“Oh! Um. Not yet.” Zag turned to face him, nearly missed cracking his head into Achilles’ jaw (thank the gods for his mentor’s legendarily quick reflexes) and once again ended up staring straight down the front of Achilles’ chiton.

This, Zagreus was discovering, was always interesting, but particularly so on this occasion because he’d never considered the concept of whether shades’ skin could carry bruises. The answer was, apparently, yes. Achilles’ left pectoral was covered in a smattering of tiny bruises, including what was an identifiable set of teeth marks.

It appeared the only thing that was biting was Patroclus.

Zagreus was so carried away in imagining what it would feel like to press his mouth there, to sink his teeth in (what noises would Achilles make when he did?) that he didn’t notice his fishing line bobbing in the river.

“Lad, I think you’ve got one,” Achilles told him, and Zagreus, started, yanked up on the rod hard enough that his catch came flying straight out of the water.

The flailing charp whacked right into Achilles, soaking the front of his chiton with river-water, and it wriggled around enough to give Zagreus the same treatment before popping off the line and splashing back into the Lethe, sending up another small wave, enough to make Zag’s feet sizzle.

“Dammit, I nearly had him!” Zagreus huffed, while Patroclus, who had been silently observing them, broke down into laughter, joining them on the riverbank to clap Zagreus genially on the shoulder.

“I think it was Achilles who nearly had him, stranger,” he amended, which made Achilles elbow his lover in the side.

“It was a close thing, lad,” Achilles said, far too generously. He plucked at the front of his chiton, which, now that it was soaked through, was clinging

to his chest and only emphasizing the shape of his musculature. “I apologize, I ought not to have interrupted you.” The lightweight fabric of his clothing, Zagreus discovered, was nearly transparent when wet. He thought that if he looked hard enough, he’d be able to see the marks Patroclus had left through it.

“You deserved what you got, I think,” Patroclus said. His hand crept up Achilles’ shoulder. “But you should indeed get out of those wet clothes. Who knows, you might catch a cold instead of a fish.”

Zagreus realized an instant before it happened, that Patroclus was about to undo the pin that held up Achilles’ chiton.

He opened his mouth to protest but it turned into simply gaping as the wet fabric fell away and he ended up faced with Achilles’ naked chest, still glistening with water, the reddened love bites standing out against his golden skin.

“Pat, I can’t catch cold, we are not yet living,” Achilles scolded his partner, batting his hand away. He made no movement to re-dress, just let the top of his clothing hang where it was caught by his belt. Zagreus was abruptly forced to remind himself that mortals were not discomfited by being in such a state of undress. If what Theseus said was correct, they often fought wrestling matches in the nude—but Zagreus took everything Theseus said lightly and thought that bit may perhaps have been an attempt by the king to rile Zagreus up.

It hadn’t worked, but this did.

Zagreus could feel himself flushing, his mouth going dry as he recognized some of the redness as the irritation Achilles claimed was left because of Pat’s beard (“I didn’t have to put up with this in life, you know. I occasionally miss being invulnerable,” he’d said. “Don’t pretend you aren’t at least a little aroused by it,” Patroclus had replied). It was all too easy to imagine Patroclus’ mouth on Achilles’ chest, Patroclus’ hand between Achilles’ legs, Achilles pushing into his touch in both regards, spine arched, mouth opened. It was, then, equally easy for Zagreus to insert himself in

such an image, too. Perhaps he could focus his attentions on Achilles' other pectoral, while Patroclus—

"I really am sorry I made you lose your catch, lad," Achilles said, gentle hand settling on Zagreus' forearm. "Perhaps another time you may teach me to use that thing properly."

"Quite the reversal of the usual, isn't it?" Zagreus said, just glad he hadn't accidentally mentioned something about Achilles' body, despite the fact that he was still staring. Hopefully it could be passed off as him just looking ahead, after all, he was short enough that he was eye-level with Achilles' collar.

"It wouldn't be the first time my student had taught me something," Achilles said, the gleam of fondness in his eye making Zagreus flush even deeper.

If Zagreus said this was the first time he'd sprawled out on the couch in his bedroom, looked at his very favorite wall scroll directly to his right, and touched himself while thinking of his dear mentor and beloved friend, he would be lying through his teeth.

This was, however, the first time he'd done so with such a fresh image in his mind. He hardly looked at the wall scroll, focused instead on his mental picture of Achilles, glistening with water that could easily instead have been the sweat of exertion. He'd speak in the same gentle, encouraging tone he used to reassure Zagreus when they learned a new maneuver in training, but it'd be a little rougher as Achilles told him how good it felt, where to touch him.

"I like your mouth here, lad," Zagreus imagined him saying, while he'd kiss over the place he'd seen the marks from Patroclus. Achilles had said his skin was more sensitive after death, how much more so would it be here? Zagreus would have to touch him carefully, gently, and he would love every instant of it.

He was so overcome he didn't even manage to undress, although he thought about doing it several times. Getting rid of his leggings, though, would mean he'd have to take his hand off his cock, and Zagreus wasn't about to do that.

His hips rocked forward as he fucked his hand, pre-come smearing his knuckles even though he'd only been touching himself for a few minutes. He was never quiet with these things, not even when he was by himself, but imagining that it was Achilles drawing these noises from him had him moving faster, more frantic than usual.

Just this once, he told himself. He was just going to get this out of his system, and then he wouldn't get off while thinking about Achilles' tits ever again. Definitely not.

Alright, so, maybe he'd do it a couple times in a row. Still technically only once, even if he made himself come three times while he thought about—

"Ah! Achilles!"

Yeah. A couple of times.

— — —

"I'm just saying, perhaps we need to move things past all the casual flirting and the mutual acknowledgments of attraction we've been having," said Patroclus, who was a menace, but a persuasive one.

"And by that, you mean *I* need to do something about it," Achilles confirmed. Aside from, he assumed, that time he and Patroclus had utilized Zagreus' goodwill to pass messages between one another—said 'messages' being mostly conveyed through extensive kisses.

"Of course I do." Patroclus took a seat behind him, brushing Achilles' hair off his nape so he could leave a kiss there instead. "He wants you."

"You seem altogether too certain about that."

"I am certain. At least, that he wants *these*." Patroclus slipped his hands under Achilles' arms and around to his chest, making his meaning clear with a squeeze.

"*Pat!*"

"What? Want me to give you a couple more marks for him to uncover?" He could *hear* the smirk in his beloved's voice.

"...Yes, actually, I do."

— — —

"Patroclus tells me something interesting about you," Achilles told Zagreus, upon his next visit to their Elysian home. Patroclus wasn't around—it seemed, in life, he'd been more personable than he was now, and he'd recently reconnected with some of the others from the war who were also up here.

"Oh? I'm sure I'm very interesting," Zagreus joked. He was taking a mid-run breather, and was sitting on their couch with Achilles in front of him, running his hands through Achilles' hair. He'd been practicing braiding it, because Meg sure as hell wasn't going to let him practice on her, but he'd done a poor job of it and had ended up mostly just combing through Achilles' hair with his fingers.

Achilles tipped his head back, the back of his head resting on Zagreus' shins where they were crossed over one another (Zagreus had worried about this at first, his feet and legs being what they were, but Achilles said it felt pleasantly warm). His eyes were closed, the ordinarily solemn look on his face fading into something more relaxed. "He said he's caught your eye on me. On some particular assets of mine."

"What do you mean...?" Zagreus leaned forward to peer down to him, but he still looked as implacable as ever. Surely he couldn't be referring to...

His eyes opened, bright aqua green arresting Zagreus and keeping him precisely where he was at. "He says he often notices you staring at my

chest."

"Oh!" Zagreus reeled back, a sharp curl of embarrassment within him. Achilles sat up, turning around to look at him. "I'm sorry, sir, I shouldn't be... observing you with such lust, or—"

"On the contrary," Achilles said. One of his hands reached up to edge his chiton down off his shoulder, revealing the assets in question. "You may observe me with all the lust you want to. But only if you do it openly, and if you let me do the same, in turn, to you."

"You... honestly want that?"

"Of course." Achilles took Zagreus' hand, inclining his head to kiss along the inside of Zag's wrist. "You think I don't find you attractive?"

"I'd never quite considered it," he admitted. "You and Patroclus always seem so complete together."

"We are," Achilles murmured against his palm, giving Zagreus a look through his golden lashes that had Zagreus' insides practically *sizzling*. "That doesn't mean we can't want another." He let go of Zagreus' hand, running his thumb along Zagreus' lower lip instead. "You think we haven't thought about kissing you on a near-constant basis?"

Quite overcome, Zagreus took a moment to answer. "I... oh. I think about you, too. Kissing you. And touching you." His hand very nearly shook as his fingertips brushed Achilles' chest, finally touching where his eyes had been drawn for some time, now. "Sir, if you don't mind...?"

"Quite the opposite, lad."

Much as Zagreus wanted to get his hands on Achilles' body, he couldn't help but kiss him first, delighting in the way Achilles willingly leaned into it, his mouth opening under Zag's, taking both of Zag's hands as he led him into another kiss. The position, with Zagreus still seated on the couch above Achilles, meant that Achilles tipped his head back, supplicating himself before Zagreus, an act Zag wouldn't have thought he'd been into.

As it seemed, he was into everything with Achilles.

Achilles arranged Zagreus' hands so that they were pressed palms-flat against Achilles' chest, and Zagreus could feel the faint warmth of his skin, and beneath it, a pulse. It was yet another sign that the more time that passed since Achilles was reunited with Patroclus, the more human-like his shade form became.

Achilles bit at Zagreus' lower lip, which set off a chain reaction: Zagreus' fingers dug into the firm muscle of his chest, and then Achilles said his name in the single most debauched moan Zagreus had yet heard, and then Achilles let go of his hands to grasp the sides of his face and pull him into another, fiercer kiss.

Zagreus slowly began to satisfy what he'd been fantasizing about, kneading at Achilles' chest, his thumbs intermittently toying with Achilles' nipples. When he pinched one, Achilles drew back, grasping his wrist. "A little too much, that," he said, his voice already rough with arousal.

"Sorry. You really are quite sensitive, aren't you?" Zagreus said, bending his head to press a kiss to Achilles' chest in apology. This gesture was appreciated much more, Achilles hand sinking into Zagreus' hair and sending up a small eruption of sparking leaves as his laurel was disurbed with the action.

"I... wasn't always," he said. "But, yes. I am now."

"All right," Zagreus said, kissing his way back up to Achilles' neck. "I'll be gentle with you, I promise."

"I don't doubt you'll keep that promise," Achilles said. "Here, sit back." He rose, seating himself astride Zag's lap, which put Zagreus precisely at eye level with his chest. Zag glanced up, caught Achilles' smirk, and knew that this was purposeful.

He applied his mouth again, kissing over the marks Patroclus had left, immensely gratified when Achilles made a soft noise of pleasure that perfectly matched how Zagreus had imagined him sounding while he'd been

lying on his couch looking at an image of Achilles that in no way lived up to the genuine article. Everything was so much better than he'd been picturing, down to the way Achilles pulled away for a moment to remove the rest of his clothing.

Naturally, every inch of him was more perfect than the last. His scent was incredible, too, as if he'd rubbed his chest down with some kind of fragrant oil made from a plant Zagreus wouldn't have been able to identify if he tried. Zagreus ached to do more, wrapped his arms around Achilles' lower back to pull him in, close enough that Achilles was pressed fully against him, his cock grinding against Zagreus' belly, Zagreus happily smothering himself in Achilles' tits while Achilles chuckled and told him to slow down.

Unbelievable.

Slow down.

He would die first, although, having the Styx open up to swallow him in the middle of their living room might do some permanent damage to their floors, and Zagreus was nothing if not respectful of other peoples' property, when the other people were not his father. He gave a gentle nip to the full curve of Achilles' right pectoral and pulled back, grinning in a way he was sure came off as maniacal rather than loving, wiping his chin because his kisses had become a bit sloppy.

"Sir, I think I understand the reason you cover these up. Everyone would lose their minds if we were treated to this—" he gave Achilles' chest a little squeeze, pleased when it did indeed give him a little line of cleavage down the center as predicted, "—non-stop."

"I should have known you'd be a flatterer," Achilles said. "Don't run your mouth, lad, leave me some marks to match the ones Patroclus gave me, instead."

"And I should have known you wouldn't know how to take a compliment."

"I hardly deserve your compliments, lad."

"You absolutely do," Zagreus said, but it was muffled considerably, as he was obediently going about doing what Achilles had asked of him. He tried not to push too hard, more aware now of Achilles' limits, and gently worried the skin instead, leaving blush-pink little marks. Achilles was entirely flushed, and like Zagreus, he was pale enough that one could see it spread from his cheeks to his neck to his chest. The marks Zagreus left complimented this, like poppies scattered through a bouquet of pink roses.

All the while, Achilles was moving against him, little thrusts of his hips that had Zagreus wishing he'd undressed, too, so he could feel it against his skin. He clutched at the back of Zagreus' head, keeping Zag's face firmly planted against his chest, which Zagreus was so, so alright with.

"Would you like to try something else?" Achilles asked him, loosening his grip, and although Zagreus could have kept going with exactly what he'd been doing for much longer, he agreed.

It meant Achilles undressing him, which Zagreus cheerfully assisted him with, scattering his clothing to the floor to be collected much, much later. Achilles' hands ran down his sides, squeezing his waist, cupping his hips, pulling him to stand beside the couch as Achilles took a seat.

"So, um. What did you want to do?" Zagreus asked him, shifting in place not because he was uncomfortable with the way Achilles' eyes greedily drank him in, but because he was uncomfortable with not jumping him.

"I thought you might fuck me," Achilles said, easy as could be, both in his suggestion and in the way his hand curled around Zagreus' cock.

Zagreus struggled for a long moment before he could answer. Achilles' hand moved slowly over him, but he was so sure in his grip, and the way his thumb brushed just below the head of Zag's cock was sending all kinds of sparks of sensation throughout the whole of him.

"Sir, *please*."

"I want you—like this, come here." Achilles lay back on the couch, pulling Zagreus further forward when he moved to sit between Achilles' legs. He

urged Zagreus to straddle him instead, which would more easily put Zagreus in the position to *be* fucked, which he was also perfectly fine with.

"And how exactly...?"

Achilles tugged on his thighs, pulling Zagreus up until he was almost sitting atop his ribcage. His mouth, then? No. Wait.

"Like this." Achilles let go of Zagreus' thighs, got his hands on his own chest instead, pushing his tits together so that...

Oh, gods. Zag's head spun.

"Yes," he said immediately, although he did have serious concerns about coming from the sight alone. "Yes, oh gods, how are you so... please. Let me have you."

"I'm all yours," Achilles said. The sight of him like that, his hair spread out behind him like a halo, his eyes hazy and barely focused, holding himself like an offering for Zagreus, was almost too much to handle.

Zagreus shifted forward, gripping the arm of the couch behind Achilles' head as he determined how to best position himself.

The first thrust between was paradise, made Zag's head drop forward and his eyes roll back. The squeeze around his cock was just delicious; Achilles' pecs had just enough give to make it a soft, warm slide. Zagreus wanted to bury his cock there all day-or-night, but of course, it was impossible not to move, to start fucking his tits in earnest.

He forced his eyes open, looked down to watch where his cock pushed between Achilles' pectorals—his tits were big enough that the head of Zag's cock didn't even poke out, not unless he thrust hard and shifted a bit too far forward.

"That's it, lad," Achilles encouraged him. "Gods, you've wanted this, haven't you. Have you thought about it?"

"Not... not this, specifically," Zagreus ground out. Achilles' chest was shining with sweat, the sheen of it sort of reminding Zagreus of Theseus' oiled skin but the shape of him so much more pleasing. "But I've thought about it. Thought about you."

"Have you, now?"

I get off while I look at your image, Zagreus thought about saying. "Yes," he said, instead. "Fuck, Achilles."

"Zagreus," he answered, his voice superficially steady, but wavering beneath in a way that made Zagreus certain he was somehow just as affected by this as Zagreus was. "I can't, lad, could you...? Your hands?"

He set his hands where Achilles' had been, and this was even better, massaging Achilles' plush tits with his fingertips while he held him in place.

Achilles had let go so that he could reach down and get a hand around his own cock, which made his gentle praise turn into ragged moans, and it was all so *much*, Zagreus thought he might spontaneously combust. That'd be a fun one for Hypnos.

"I'm close, sir," he said, in case Achilles might want to ask him to move (please, no).

"Come on, then." Achilles' voice was so rough with the raggedness of his breathing, he was almost impossible to hear. He swallowed, and was clearer when he next spoke. "Come on me."

"Fuck." That did him in, and Achilles smiled like he'd known it would. He didn't just come on Achilles' tits, it was all the way up to his chin, the long line of Achilles' throat exposed as his head tipped back and he cried out something that might've been Zag's name.

Achilles was still moving under Zagreus as he sat back, fucking his own fist in much the same position Zagreus had been lying when he last imagined Achilles in his arms. Zagreus turned to get Achilles' cock in his hand,

instead, but he kept his eyes on Achilles, spread out beneath him in a masterpiece of debauchery.

Achilles had a hand on his own chest as Zagreus made him come, his fingertips running through the mess Zagreus had left there. Although he was a shade, his ribs expanded with deep breaths as he came down from it, uneven and stuttering even more as he laughed when Zagreus spread himself out atop Achilles and once again pushed his face between his tits. Of course, Achilles was entirely a mess, and Zagreus was only cleaning him up.

"This seems to be a fixation, with you," Achilles laughed, his fingertips tracing nonsense patterns over Zagreus' back.

"You have fantastic tits, sir," Zagreus said, with immense vehemence.

"You've made me quite aware of that," he said. "But, you ought to know..."

"What?"

"Pat's are even better."

Author's Note:

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